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# MUSIC AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS,

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 113.)

The music of bees sings sweet as their own honey in the poet's verse; lying hived in his lines, as in their cells,—gold-entreated.

"While the bee with honey'd thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such concert as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep."—*Milton*.

"And more to lull him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,  
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,  
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne  
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne."—*Spenser*.

"Him rather suits it, side by side with thee,  
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,  
While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn-tree,  
To lie and listen, till o'er-drowsed sense  
Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence,  
To the soft murmur of the vagrant bee."—*Wordsworth*.

"The soaring lark is blest as proud,  
When at heaven's gate she sings;  
The roving bee proclaims aloud  
Her flight by vocal wings."—*Wordsworth*.

"The fragrant-living bee,  
So happy he, that he will not move, not he,  
Without a song."—*Leigh Hunt*.

"The bee's weighty murmur comes by us at noon."  
—*Leigh Hunt*

"Here's a bee  
Comes bounding in my room imperiously,  
And talking to himself, hastily burns  
About mine ear, and so in heat returns."—*Leigh Hunt*.

"Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees."—*Tennyson*.

The soft music of doves could not fail of finding record from poetic writers. A single line has sufficed some of these finely-attuned ears, wherein to express their sense of its mellifluous, inward-throated sound.

"The hidden, amorous dove,  
With his deep breath."—*Leigh Hunt*.

"Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods."  
—*Wordsworth*.

"I heard a stock-dove sing or say  
His homely tale, this very day;  
His voice was buried among trees,  
Yet to be come-at by the breeze:  
He did not cease; but cooed—and cooed;  
And somewhat pensively he wooed;  
He sang of love with quiet blending,  
Slow to begin, and never ending;  
Of serious faith, and inward glee;  
That was the song—the song for me!"

—*Wordsworth*.

"And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,  
Made music that sweetened the calm."—*Campbell*.

In pure contrast, see what has been said—with no less truth of description—concerning discordant sounds:—

"Ev'n so through Brentford town, a town of mud,  
A herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;  
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,  
Still grunt and squeak, and sing their troublous song,  
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among:  
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,  
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng  
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;  
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone."  
—*Thomson*.

But the finest things on this subject have been said by our living poet, Leigh Hunt, in his admirable paper "On the graces and anxieties of Pig-driving." It is immortal. We may indulge ourselves by here quoting the passage relative to the animals' musical objurgation.

"They squeaked and grunted as in ordinary; they sidled, they shuffled, they half stopped; they turned an eye to all the little outlets of escape; but in vain. There they stuck (*for their very progress was a sort of sticking*), charmed into the centre of his sphere of action, laying their heads together, but to no purpose; looking as if they were shrugging their shoulders, and eschewing the tip-end of the whip of office. Much eye had they to their left leg; shrewd backward glances; not a little anticipative squeak, and sudden rush of avoidance. It was a superfluous clutter, and they felt it; but a pig finds it more difficult than any other animal to accommodate himself to circumstances."—*Leigh Hunt*.

## WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE 134th meeting of the three choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, commenced on Monday, the 27th of August, under the favorable auspices of a large list of spirited and influential stewards. The festival was under the immediate patronage of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, and the presidency of the Bishop of Worcester. The chief vocalists were Madame Clara Novello, Miss Louisa Vinning, Madame Weiss, Mrs. Clare Hepworth, Miss Dolby, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Gardoni, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Thomas, and Herr Formes. The solo instrumentalists were M. Sainton (violin), Mr. Cusins (pianoforte), and Mr. Blagrove (concertina). The band numbered upwards of 60 performers, and the chorus about 250 voices, the whole being under the direction of Mr. Dove, organist of Worcester Cathedral. Mr. Amott, of Gloucester, presided at the organ, during the morning performances; and at the evening concerts, Mr. G. T. Smith of Hereford, officiated as pianoforte accompanist when his services were required. Full rehearsals were held on the previous day, both morning and evening—to which the public were admitted by half-guinea tickets—lasting altogether about eleven hours.

On Tuesday morning, a large congregation assembled at the Cathedral for the grand morning service, when several anthems were ably performed. The solo singers were Miss Gilbert, Miss Dolby, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Thomas.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was performed on Wednesday morning to a very large auditory. The principal soprano parts were sung by Madame Clara Novello in her usual exquisite style. The singing of Miss Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves was irreproachable. The rest of the performance

(Continued on page 127.)